UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1237.

Original Poetry.

THOUGHTS
ON THE LAST NIGHT OF 1844.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

[The following lines are from the pen of our young friend, whose lines on Bradford's Fjeld, were last year published in the Post. There is a vein of pensive and beautiful thought in these, to which it were well if more were accustomed.—Ed. Sat. Post.]

'Tis night—and o'er the starless sky
The gloomy clouds in silence fly
Which like the heart where love may glow,
Though shrouded in the shades of woe
Still smiles serenely on.

Oh, sadly swells the rising breeze
Among the ancient forest trees,
And o'ings the azure stream:
While sorrow love's misfortunes sings
And fancy spreads her saddest wings
O'er scenes departed dream.

Delight eclipses shadowy care,
When o'er our bosoms beams a ray
As o'er a fading flower
Young memory flies, and gilding by,
Gathers the fragrance o'er it die
Of every year hour.

Another year has rolled away
To the dark regions of decay,
With it to the tomb
The young and beautiful have passed,
And shielded now from sorrow's blast
Sleep in a funereal gloom.

And many a form whose unclothing bow
Once glowed with deathless wisdom, now
Sleeps in the silent grave,
And o'er the grave of many a maid,
The cypress and the rank mustard,
The withered wild flowers wave.

Like as a fragile herb, which rises
With lovel-like beauty in the morning,
Where perils wont to soar—
Borne by deceitful breezes on,
It wave the lane it first would shun,
And under the storm,
So o'er life's dark tumultuous sea
Where death sits brooding silently
Amid the storm gloom—
Dumped by by hope's incessant wave
We sweep the realms of the grave
And hasten to the tomb.

P. S. A.

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "KNOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER III.

Aunt Letty was right. Mr. Howard's daughter was now a sweet lass in her sixteenth year, she had a tolerable English education, and knew a little of French. He had some intention of taking her to Europe, but knew it was folly to think of going to France or Germany, unless they understood the French or German languages. He had learned French after the manner that young men usually learn a modern language, but had almost forgotten it. As to his wife, he scarcely thought of her in the matter. He certainly meant to take her along, but she might get on as well as she could. It was necessary, however, that Miss Howard's daughter should be a good French and German scholar, and as he had so entirely failed in making a scholar of himself, he was the more perfectly determined to apply to Delamere.

"I send for you, Mr. Delamere," said he, "to ask if you could spare an hour or two every other day, to teach my daughter French and German; you should be well paid for it. I shall come to the point at once; if you will give us four hours a week, for one year, you shall receive as much as you do for your fifty scholars."

"That is a very liberal offer, sir, but I cannot accept it. I am now occupied from nine till three. I must have one hour of rest, for the labors of a teacher are very hard, and from two to four hours a week is more than I am reading law with Mr. Betterton. It is necessary that I should take exercise after so much reading. An hour spent in this way, and then the evening with my friends, and one hour before breakfast, is all that I can spare, and even that is now appropriated. Why Betterton can hardly make a living, though he has been practicing for upwards of ten years."

Delamere turned very red at this insolent speech, and was about to reply angrily, but his good genius, in the form of Aunt Letty, rose up and said, "answer him gently, Delamere," so he did accordingly.

"I neglect no duty," said he, "in preparing myself for the law, and I shall be amply rewarded if, at the end of two years, I meet with as much encouragement and respect as Mr. Betterton does."

Mr. Howard recollected that Delamere was neither his wife nor his valet, so he lowered his tone and smoothed his brow. "You surely could spare an hour in the morning, or you could come to us from four to five in the afternoon, and read law books in the morning. What do you do from five in the morning till nine?"

Delamere thought it was really not worth while to be angry with this rich man's purse proud man, so he smiled and said he worked in the garden from five to seven, spent an hour at breakfast and shaving with ease, and so from eight to nine he was fully employed in preparing for his school duties.

"Now I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Delamere; in addition to the three hundred dollars, I will send you all the vegetables you can consume, and I shall send a good saddle horse to Dill for your use when you have not any expense to yourself. And when the weather is bad, I will send a close carriage for you."

"The terms are very tempting," said Delamere, "and I should readily accept them, if I had only myself to consult. Will you let me have till to-morrow to make up my mind?"

"There comes Betterton and Fielding, you can speak to them if you choose."

"I have no doubt that every one of the trustees, and every gentleman in the county would advise me to accept of your offer. But you know, Mr. Howard, that I consider Mrs. Bright in the light of a mother, for a tender mother has she been to me. I should not think it right to decide even in so simple an affair as this without consulting her."

"Well, make your own time," said the surly gentleman, and then, with a cheerful good day, he hastily left the house. Delamere left the house also, for he knew that Aunt Letty would be in a sad flutter until she heard what Mr. Howard wanted.

"Dear Delamere," said Aunt Letty, "what was it?"

"Just what you said—he wants me to teach his daughter French and German, and really his offer is a capital one."

So he related the whole of the conversation, and watched the workings of the good lady's countenance.

"Oh, Delamere, what a temptation, what a trial this is," she said at length. "I really think that the horse will carry something else besides you."

"What do you mean? Carry something else! Yes, he shall carry you sometimes; is that what you mean?"

"No, no," said she, laughing, "I mean that the horse will carry the dog."

So the two innocent, simple-hearted people had a merry laugh, and after talking the matter over for half an hour, it was decided that he could very well give Mr. Howard an hour every other day, and that this hour should be from four to five.

Mr. Howard was pleased—he sent a basket of vegetables that very day, and Mr. Dill threw a note to say that a horse would be at the school house at four o'clock in the afternoon. The whole village was alive with the news, for the ingenious behavior of a man who was considered as one of the great men, or rather the great man of the world, had been a source of deep mortification to them all.

Delamere was not in the least taken in by the quiet deference of Aunt Letty; he knew perfectly well that there was a very considerable flutter and commotion under that calm exterior. She had no doubt that she scarcely thought Miss Howard good enough for him, but that the large fortune she was expected to have, would, in some measure, compensate for all deficiencies. Had he not heard her say that Miss Howard was a pretty, modest looking girl, and would right soon to some advantage, if she chose a handsome, intelligent and scholarly young man for her husband, and did not consider the hardening old scholarly?

Ah, Aunt Letty, you need not look so very demure, whilst your idol is brushing and arranging his dress, for he must not think that even a large estate, an equivalent for talents and sweetness of temper.

Neither Delamere nor Aunt Letty, as has been before observed, had even been invited to Annerdale, the name of Mr. Howard's beautiful estate; glimpses of groves and lawns of immense extent, and of a noble mansion, were to be seen from some elevated place, but the gates were never opened to the villagers or towns-people, so that very little was known. All agreed, however, that (a natural beauties and advantages were very great before the present owner improved it, and the vast sums of money expended on it, was a proof that it must now be equal to any of the far famed English country seats.

Early in the month of May, on the 15th of May, Delamere set foot on the property of a man who left his own country in disgust because all his fellow men were not equal. He was of a noble family, a younger son, and he grew up in comity with laws that placed him below the eldest born, principally and morally more and superior to himself. There were other causes of disgust also, but he found no relief to his feelings and bitter bile, even when he had a whole book to rail at, than in the richest men in America.

It has been constantly been observed that those Englishmen who leave their country to enjoy the freedom of a Democratic government, remain Englishmen, however, that (a natural feelings are not altered, they were like Polerals and Loyalists in England, because they were natural English men, and therefore, when they met thought himself on an equality with the richest man in America, with every descent man that they met thought himself on an equality with the richest man in England, and fully evidenced to overcame all that came in his way. He had not sense enough to discriminate between such as had the same feelings as himself, and were well educated and Mr. Smallidge, a cringing, mean-spirited attorney. He was insolent and overbearing to the former, and cringingly fawning, he incensed because the former very coolly made him understand that he was not to take any liberties with him. He made several attempts at domineering, but they ended in his own mortification, and he was compelled to curb his natural propensities or associate with such as were not. Mr. Howard for some since he became owner of Annerdale, and by degrees he mixed more with the gentlemen of Dashfield and the neighborhood, insomuch that he was no cordiality. He was generally appointed to offices such as trustee of a charity or a school, or director of some public work, because all all times he was liberal enough when money was wanted.

He seemed pleased and, and in return, he twice a year gave a dinner to the gentlemen, not at his own mansion, but at the hotel. As to the ladies, he was compelled to wait upon them, visiting or receiving visits, nor was she ever seen in the town or village. She and her daughter were waited upon by servants, and it was all that any one ever saw of them, and it was rumored that this seclusion was out of choice, and not from any mortification on their part.

Delamere dismounted on entering the gate, for he was desirous of seeing a place so highly extolled. The property was in the form of an oval, and out several beautiful views, and turning in a shady walk told Delamere that it led to the house.

Mr. Howard stood on the portico ready to receive him, and without allowing him to cast a single glance at the prospect, ushered him into a small, and then into the library. Mrs. Howard sat there with a book in her hand and bowed gravely. Miss Howard half rose and bowed, and then her father said to her that she was the young man who was to instruct her in French and German. In a few moments they were seated round a table, and all necessary books were placed before them.

Delamere was not in the least overawed by all this parade and ceremony, but he had much of Mr. Howard to feel that respect which creates diffidence, and he was shrewd enough to see that the manner of one pupil he was to have three. Miss Howard seemed very shy and spoke in a very low voice, but Delamere knew that this might arise from fear of one who was accustomed to him. The hours quickly passed, Mr. Howard rose when the mantle clock struck five, and the young Englishman went to the door bowed and left him to find his way out as well as he could.

Mr. Howard had occasioned in finding the way out, for on entering a walk shaded by trees he thought it was the same through which he had come. His pride, not his fear, led him on, and on reaching it he discovered that Mrs. Howard and her daughter were sitting within. Delamere had not expected to find

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for two years, and one of the late terms.

For THREE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the same Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the above premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two serials.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ Mr. J. E. WELDIN is our Agent for *Piteburg, Allegheny City, &c.* ☜

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have this week the unwelcome duty of recording that unusual event—a calamitous steamboat accident upon the Hudson River. The boats on that noble stream are generally so good, and the navigators so careful and experienced, that the greatest perfection of machinery and speed, has hitherto been attended with the greatest safety and comfort to the passengers. We are not prepared yet to say with certainty how many persons lost their lives. It may be many weeks before the whole truth in detail is ascertained.

In our paper of last Saturday, we published a list of graduates of the Jefferson Medical College. This week we have the list of the University graduates. The very large number of the students who annually receive their diplomas here, shows the estimation in which our Philadelphia Schools are held all over the Union. The advantages which students possess amid the long-famed institutions of Philadelphia, are gratefully remembered through the whole lives of the young men who leave here—accomplished so far as instruction can make them. As they prove by experience the benefits they have received, they stand ready to direct new generations, as they come forward, to the city where they received their early advantages. These every graduating class is a perpetual advertisement for the city and full attestation of the excellent system which Philadelphia can only be lost by two or three generations of failure and inefficiency—a state of things not likely to occur in the event.

In manufactures and industry the city and county of Philadelphia are taking their proper stand in the commerce and business of the country. Country merchants have come to the rational conclusion to purchase Philadelphia goods at Philadelphia—instead of going home to pay unnecessary transportation and factorage. A goodly number of country traders are in town, laying out bills with liberality, but with that proper discretion which promises solvency and prosperity hereafter. The hap-hazard game of chance in trade has gone out of fashion.

Very many new buildings, as we have before noticed, are in progress in the city and county. At every turn we find new buildings public and private, shooting up. The season of building has early and vigorously opened. Many old edifices are in the course of renovation—particularly store-fronts; and by the arrival of another winter, the place will have put on a new face entirely.

We call the reader's attention to a very pleasantly written article on the outside of this day's paper, in relation to the marriages of olden time in New England. It was written by an old gentleman—and the wit of old people is always more mellow, digestible and pleasant than the pertness of your young fry. The old can, in conversation, say things, and do on letter paper, that the Miss Fly has not in her muff, while the juvenile claimant of the honor of a handle to his name blushes, scuffs his head, a while finds that the Greeks owe much to old people for companionable society. Man, like wine, improves with age. The male does not begin to be worthy thing till thirty-five at the least—and the female, more precocious and quicker of perception, is not a reasonable being until twenty-five at the youngest. Homer has not learned before forty that it is not a proof of manhood to use tobacco—nor has she till twenty-five, ceased to be "ordained of her mother" to say, young fellar!—we wish to be in good and wise company.

As a specimen, by the way, of a dear good old gentleman—not quite old, but with all an old one's merits, take Aunt Letty, in the "Young Schoolmaster"—the original novelette now in course of publication in this paper. Could any body be more delightfully naive and naturally good and kind than she? If we knew the geography of Deadwell, we would travel a hundred miles to let the front ruffle of her dear old whites startched cap scratch our eyebrows.

There is little general news to-day which will bear further comment than it has received in the second. Our Legislature brings it up with its session, and the members seem to be industriously at work, as though they would complete a six months session in a little in the little time that remains. Some minor removals are going on in Washington and elsewhere—but there is little—very little—stir in the political world. Texas, notwithstanding what some of the newspapers predicted a few weeks past is all alive to the views of the annexationists: and the probability appears to be that the union will take place under the Houston resolutions, in preference to any new negotiations.

A YANKEE VILLAGE.

We find in the Brattleborough Phœnix some interesting sketches of the beautiful village of Northampton, which that paper is printed. In the range of buildings formerly occupied by the Typographic Company, (in their extensive book and job business, there are now an extensive Paper Manufactory, a Book Printing establishment, with power press, a mild-headed Pin Manufactory, a Silk Factory, a Box Wood Rule establishment, and a Laundry. Then, elsewhere, we have a Woolen Factory, a Sewing Machine Factory, a Machine Shop, an extensive Cabinet Ware-house, a large Tannery, two Leaf Pipe Factories, a Rake Yard and Vault, Mac-factory, alcipe where Pumps, Lard Lamps, and Harness Trimmings, Palm Leaf Hats, &c. &c. &c. are turned out in countless thousands: together with the ordinary mechanical establishments found in a village of this size. Houses are in demand, and everything wears the aspect of thrift and gain.

RATHER AWKWARD.

It is said in the Paris papers, that during the present season of concerts, it has been ordained that it should be the fashion for ladies to sell tickets for their favorite artists! The young men stand at last, reconnoitering through their glasses the audience of their friends—those wants, which show the corners of each stock under them, being carefully avoided. The embarrassment is great, as none of the young men admit Paris talk and look *à la mil-lionaire*, and can scarce afford to be taken at their word. To the extent of a dozen pair of ticket. Many will be sick a bed till concert time is over.

THE WEATHER.

We have been astonished during the past week to make haste slowly in anticipating Summer. There was quite a snow fall on Saturday night, and have been two or three freezing nights and cold days since. They had the same storm in Boston on Thursday night. The Journal says the ground was covered in the depth of a couple of inches, with snow, to the great astonishment of the peas, pepper grass, pelicanite, and perennials, that were about peeping forth from their hiding places.

THAT ARM.

In our paper a week or two since we gave a description of a wonderful artificial arm, just invented in Paris by a Dutch sculptor, named Van Peterson. Dr. Bean, a native of this city —well known among the curious and scientific as one of the most ingenious men alive, the greater part of his life, in several surgical inventions, and the constructor, for the State of New York, of an improved forge at their State Arm Works—has since called upon us with the model of an artificial arm. It is certainly in every way equal, and, if we can judge from description of the Amsterdam machine, has all the American article, it is in many respects superior to the arm of Mr. Van Peterson.

Ten years ago Dr. Bean's invention was called in this subject by the case of a friend who had lost his right arm. He immediately applied himself to the study of the subject—read all he could obtain, and the model, which was highly approved by several eminent surgeons, and by a committee of the American Institute, has been in a trunk ever since. Other and more universally useful inventions have claimed his attention, and although this truly wonderful contrivance has lain so long, it is new in good working order. It would be no bad model to teach the principles of mechanics to young students, and the model, which was highly approved by several eminent surgeons, and by a committee of the American Institute, has been in a trunk ever since. Other and more universally useful inventions have claimed his attention, and although this truly wonderful contrivance has lain so long, it is new in good working order. It would be no bad model to teach the principles of mechanics to young students, and the model, which was highly approved by several eminent surgeons, and by a very simple movement the wearer may take hold of a pin or a handkerchief, a drinking vessel, or any other object. The fingers are closed by a movement of the arm, unaided and untouched by the hand, and the hand is opened by the action of a simple spring of the shoulders. It is truly a most wonderful contrivance; and the many years spent by Dr. Bean in bringing it to perfection gives Dr. Bean the undoubted right of discovery. Had not the revolution broken out in 1776, Dr. Bean would, ere this, have filled the dimensions of Santa Anna's missing limb, and have had a new one under way for him: and if friends exist who have having been officially communicated to him.

But a more wonderful—because wholly insensible—invention than the one which Dr. Bean has prepared, and put into experimental operation, for the making of flies. Hitherto manufactured flies have been considered much inferior to the article made by hand. This file is not only superior, but is made in a way which no workman by hand can possibly imitate or equal: and the process by which flies can be made by the new process is as ten to one. The most cursory examination will satisfy the intelligent of the truth of what we have here said.

Dr. Bean has several other curious matters, some of great importance, which we have neither time nor liberty to describe. The file, however, may be looked upon as most important. It may, indeed, be termed a *staff of life*—as the state of country will permit the introduction of such labor saving contrivances, while in other country could not be countenanced or used, without causing misery and perhaps starvation.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

In the last number of the Knickerbo.ker—singularly out of place as a medical article was an excellent remarks upon one of the diseases which flesh is heir to. The distemper is *Love*, and the Knickerbocker describes it as one *duly* confined to no peculiar season or state of the atmosphere, but being philosophically considered, a species of complaint resulting from Adam, and leading to partial *blindness*, which is most effectually relieved by marriage.

The symptoms which herald the disease, continues the Knickerbocker, differ with the differing temperaments of individuals; but the following general peculiarities, indicating the presence of the infirmity, may be traced in a greater or less degree in all:

First: Absence of mind; manifesting itself in the total forgetfulness of every previously questionable acquaintances, and tailor's bills.

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Third: A laudable obscurity respecting the physical properties of the moon, more particularly when at its full.

Fourth: Sentimental countenance, loss of appetite, and labored inspiration; but mainly that defect of vision which clothes certain females with imaginary beauties of body or mind and transforms defects into excellencies, and earthly into angelic beings. Upon the latter infirmity the whole superintendence rests; diminish this weakness, restore the natural vision, and the disease grows away.

The last we have before observed, the most popular and efficacious eyewash for this purpose, is Marriage, and that we will now consider. By chemical analysis, it has been ascertained that three parts of the sub-substance of cooing, dissolved in six parts of the oil of flattery, forms the sugar of courtship; which, being precipitated into the matrimonial mixture, produces a cold of matrimony. This is the true eye-wash, the moral strengthening plaster to render it susceptible to all climates and conditions, with a third of the usual labor and expense, is one of the objects of the present treatise: and with a little care and Levanian the best specific will be the contents of the same bottom. At Youngstown, it has cleared off every house and cottage, and the same flow will have come with it, with some 80 barrels of flour and a large lot of prunh in store there. The damage, although it is not far from 100,000.

The water has since fallen to its usual level.

LATE FROM CHINA.

The Natchez, Capt. Waterman, arrived last week, at New York, having made the trip from Macao in seventy-eight days and seven hours, the shortest passage on record. The trade at the Northern ports of China, was not up to the expectations of the commercial community. The ruinous disposition at Amoy seems to have subsided, and the trade there was more regular. At Canton, however, there were frequent abolitions of ill feeling on the part of the Chinese toward foreigners, and the latter discovering them were often found posted on the walls.

Smuggling of Cotton Goods and Opium was still carried on to a very great extent in some of the ports interdicted by the treaty. The large traffic in contraband goods was exercised with very little influence upon regular mercantile transactions.

TEXAS.

We have intelligence from Texas to the last of March. The intelligence that Annexation had been accomplished, so far as the action of both nations was concerned, was received with little credit by the Texians. It was not until little child by her side, shrieked to him as he passed away, that they began to believe that it is a mile in the shore; and seems scarcely to be credited, even now. Still the preparations are entertained. As the tenth list of the Texian Congress, which met on the 1st inst. the extent of the loss cannot be ascertained until the Congress shall have met and counted the votes, they must have probably treated themselves to the latest news. The following several passengers from the western States:

"The awful scene exhibited in the self-possessed observers will long be remembered. The shrieks of the women were truly heart-rending. The cries of the children, the snow falling fast, the boat sinking rapidly, were altogether enough to appall the stoutest heart. Many of the passengers, and the accounts of prayer beat behind the lips, the agony of a separated from the boat, and the scene above the breath, passing valleys of wails at the bottom of the river, and the horror, because of the emotions they exhibited. A gentleman was hurrying up the lower deck with frightful energy the pursuit of his wife and children. He disappeared, unheeding! He probably perished in a miserable grab in the water: he was not seen afterwards. The man, although he had apparently but energy enough to save himself, was able to make an effort for himself until he had secured the safety of that family. We cannot be able to effect so fiendish an exhibition of selfishness, with the energy of disconcerted grief.

The scene must have been as appalling as it has been described. The passengers on board those on board the Rochester and Express Mail, and the Democratic candidate, a declared by a majority of about six thousand over Mr. Harper, and fifteen thousand over Mr. Bedell, the Whig candidate.

The Democrats have carried the Aldermen and Common Councilmen in fifteen of the seventeen wards, and the Mayor by a majority. Last year, it will be remembered, the Native American carried twelve out of the seventeen wards, and elected their Mayor by a majority of 1,972. The late "triangular election" caused much excitement in our sister city, but passed off in perfect quiet and order.

CONNECTICUT.

The election in Connecticut, on Monday, resulted in the choice of four Whig Representatives in Congress: a Whig Governor, and majorities of the same political character in both branches of the Legislature.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, April 10, 1843.

A few chilly days have dashed the brightness of our Spring with gloom again. On Sunday, the plants that had made bold to peep above ground, were bathed with a pleasant shower, which fell for good hours in a most threatening manner. Three or four cases of colds which were just receiving their purple tips in our garden, seemed particularly annoyed by the visitation, but escaped with no more than feral fortitude.

Speaking of flowers, reminds us of Dunlap's establishment in the Bowery, it is just now a perfect wilderness of blossoming plants—a paradise tenanted by the daughters of Eve, (non meaning, but with nothing of the serpent,) and the serpent race to the serpent race, than a troop of gold fish that flash in and out through the water lilies which fill the bason of a fountain in the midst of his green house. This fountain cooling the tropical plants with its perpetual spray—the whole scene is inclosed in a trunk over since. Other and more universally useful inventions have claimed his attention, and although this truly wonderful contrivance has lain so long, it is new in good working order. It would be no bad model to teach the principles of mechanics to young students, and the model, which was highly approved by several eminent surgeons, and by a very simple movement the wearer may take hold of a pin or a handkerchief, a drinking vessel, or any other object. The fingers are closed by a movement of the arm, unaided and untouched by the hand, and the hand is opened by the action of a simple spring of the shoulders. It is truly a most wonderful contrivance; and the many years spent by Dr. Bean in bringing it to perfection gives Dr. Bean the undoubted right of discovery. Had not the revolution broken out in 1776, Dr. Bean would, ere this, have filled the dimensions of Santa Ana's missing limb, and have had a new one under way for him: and if friends exist who have having been officially communicated to him.

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Terrible Disaster.

LOSS OF A HUDSON STEAMER AND SEVERAL LIVES.

A terrible accident occurred on the Hudson River, on Monday night, in the loss of the steamboat Henry Clay, and the destruction of many persons. We subjoin a graphic account of the accident, written by Rev. Henry F. Harrington, of Albany, who was one the passengers.

"STEAMER ROCHESTER, } Monday, April 9 A. M. }

"My Dear Father—You may value a few lines from me, to relieve the impression of the terrible accident which befel the Steamboat Henry Clay last evening. At about eight o'clock, when going at a rapid rate, the boat struck on a small rock inland abreast the town of Athens and the city of Hudson. I was sitting in the upper saloon in conversation. At the first moment I thought the passengers rushed below; but fears were calmed for a moment by the outcry that we had only come in contact with a rail. But our fears were speedily realized by the appalling sounds of the rending of timbers, and the evident destruction of the boat, while the stern settled with frightful rapidity. Those who took the "hurrah" for the alarm, had barely time to leap from their berths, before the water was in them. You can conceive of the horrors of the scene at this moment when more than three hundred souls were exposed in the midst of falling snow and almost darkness. As the water reached the upper deck, the shrieks of females and children, and flame poured into the boat, illuminating the whole scene—presenting to the soldiers, and of vivid light, and completing the consternation. The alarm of fire was given, and fire was to be added to our other imminent perils. The confusion of the steerage was fearful. But the rapid sinking of the boat extinguished the fires, and was darkness again.

It is less than five minutes by the blessing of God, the stern rested on the bottom, the water was falling above the roof of the cabin, and the flowers of Mount Auburn. Gen. Morris accompanied him on this mournful errand, and a few of my friends stand ready to cheer the footsteps of his grief with true and deep sympathy. But time and that strength which Heaven alone can give in the hours of trial, must be the chief hope. Sympathy is a sweet consolation, but it can only soothe such wounds as death has given and cannot heal.

The working girls are waiting quietly for something to be done for them. The unclaimed wearing of a city election is over, their condition will doubtless occupy more of the public attention. It is a subject which should interest every benevolent mind, and unless the public does take it up, will remain in earnest, their situation is hopeless enough.

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THE DEAD.

Since the above was in type we have received further and truly melancholy news. Tuesday was devoted to the sad duty of procuring the bodies drunk for the bodies of the dead, and with a too fatal result. Seven bodies have been recovered—six being females. Among the dead have been Mrs. Governor Morris, Mrs. Briggs, Miss or Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Calhoe, of Troy, whose husband came down on the same boat, and is now in search of her body. But our ears were speedily assailed by the appalling sounds of the rending of timbers, and the evident destruction of the boat, while the stern settled with frightful rapidity. Those who took the "hurrah" for the alarm, had barely time to leap from their berths, before the water was in them. You can conceive of the horrors of the scene at this moment when more than three hundred souls were exposed in the midst of falling snow and almost darkness. As the water reached the upper deck, the shrieks of females and children, and flame poured into the boat, illuminating the whole scene—presenting to the soldiers, and of vivid light, and completing the consternation. The alarm of fire was given, and fire was to be added to our other imminent perils. The confusion of the steerage was fearful. But the rapid sinking of the boat extinguished the fires, and was darkness again.

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FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Trouble about Jenetts—Fine Arts—Artists in Rome—Cuba and Consumptives in London—Steam Batteries—Accidents and Fires—Theatricals—Miscellaneous Matters.

Bristol, England, March 6, 1843.

There is some talk of a change in the Ministry on account of the King of Hanover having claimed a number of valuable Crown jewels—among them those which belonged to the late war made for her husband, Prince George of Denmark. His counsel contend that all of the claimed jewels were bought with private funds or money, belong to the Kingdom of Hanover. but the worst of the matter is, that many of them have been lost, and the rest are without that recognition and identity are difficult. Several members of the Royal Family have already been examined, and I hardly need tell you her countenance and assistance are taken in by the Lords of the Treasury, who attempt to dabble in so-called specimens by the old masters. Good paintings bring extravagant prices every where. There is hardly a parlor sitting or drawing-room without a few of these beautiful but expensive shadows. While on this subject, I cannot but give you an item of interesting statistics of foreign artists at present studying in Rome. The whole number is four hundred and five, painters, sculptors and engravers. They are thus classed:—

Germans,	156
French,	97
Italians,	80
Americans,	30
Russians,	30
Belgians,	25
Danes,	11
Swedes,	10
Spaniards,	10
Portuguese,	10
Hungarians,	10
Bavarians,	10
Swiss,	8
Dutch,	8

A particular account of the expenses, and manner of cultivation, will be required of competitors; also, satisfactory evidence of the product of each crop.

THE FAKIR OF AVA.

The necromancer is really a wonder in his way. He is a native of Ava, and amongst all his tricks, and rather provoking in his repeated assurance that all his wonders are very easy—if you will only know how they are done. He possesses diabolic enough to have founded or subverted a principality in the olden time, or to have brought down the thunder of the Church of witchcraft. His entertainments are worth every body's attention, who may have an evening to spare.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The Second Anniversary of the order of the Sons of Temperance was held on Monday evening at the Temperance Saloon. Addresses were delivered, and the ladies and members of the Order in full regalia, made a handsome display. Addresses were delivered by Phil. S. White, Esq., G. W. P., Rev. John W. Chambers, Rev. Mr. Burrows, Rev. C. C. Burr, and other gentlemen; and the whole affair passed pleasantly off.

☞ We learn that a number of our most respectable cottages have taken the loan for the enlargement of the Girard Navigation, and that the work will commence in a few days. The enlargement, it is said, will increase the capacity of the canal from three feet, while the depth remains the same to be expended, will not exceed more than one-fourth of the present cost.

FIRE.—On Sunday night last, the Mayor's Police made their rounds in the vicinity of Cherry street, and arrested six men, two being the principals, and the remaining four players. They were taken before Mayor Swift on Monday morning, and the principals were held to bail in $1,000 each, to answer at the next Court, and the others were discharged.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—A gentleman from the interior of Pennsylvania, putting up at Dunigan & Pike's Hotel, North Third street, was robbed on Monday night of over two thousand dollars. The robbery was effected by turning the key which was left in the door of his chamber, with a pair of augers!

CONVICTED.—William Harley, who on the 4th of December last, in an altercation with Joseph G. Morrow, stabbed him with a knife in that death ensued, has been convicted of the second degree of manslaughter in the Oyer and Terminer.

☞ Judge Petit has sent his resignation of the Presidency of the District Court to the Governor. Judge Sharswood has been appointed and confirmed in his place.

Fires.

☞ A large and valuable Steam Grist Mill, the property of Mr. George Dawson, situated in North Huntingdon township, Pa., was entirely destroyed by fire on Monday week. There was insured in the Farmers' and Mechanics' Canding Machine and Fulling Mill, which shared the same fate. There was a large amount of flour and grain destroyed, and the time the fire occurred, but owing to the combustible nature of the building, (being a wooden building,) and the high wind which prevailed during the day, the flames spread so rapidly that none, or very little of it was saved. The loss is estimated at from $20,000 to $25,000, of which $10,000 or $15,000, and perhaps more.

STEAM FLOUR AT ALEXANDRIA, FLORIDA.—About one o'clock, A. M., on Monday, the 24th ult., a fire at Alexandria, destroyed the Georgia and Alabama House; the store store of Messrs. Thomas Bateell, its Market street, and Cornelius Grady's carpenter shop. The fire is attributed to incendiarism. The loss is heavy, perhaps $30,000.

☞ On Thursday morning week the Baptist Church in St. Peter's street, Salem, Massachusetts, was discovered to be on fire. The fire was set under the pulpit, which was entirely consumed. The building was much injured before the fire was put out.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.—About 2½ o'clock on Saturday morning, a fire was discovered in a large frame building in the rear of 93 Forsyth street, occupied as a factory for India-rubber goods, by a Mr. Pinckney, and extensive manufacturer of Cornelius Keats. No. 95 Forsyth street, occupied by Mr. Dorando and his brother, entirely destroyed, the stairs are barely having time to escape—nothing saved. The rear of the large brick buildings, Nos. 100 and 102 Forsyth street, owned by Mr. Gouverneur, also made to the Government, that an American officer of skill had been permitted to go through the public arsenals and navy yards—a privilege that will not be allowed in future. Both in France and England, druggists have been committed

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are respectfully found their names addressed as in the "Saturday Post" until they send a formal order. Agents will please endeavor their letters with full address.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless regularly called for.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the Editor. Papers discontinued only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are not paid.

Money by Mail.—Postmasters' Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Letters carefully solicited to make quick remittances, and those which it is desirable to keep constantly before the public would always give names and time paid for.

Specimens sent always when desired. The Office removed as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee, assisted by Messrs Messrs. Campbell, H. Cincinnati, T. Gardner Smith, Cincinnati, and E. T. Jennings.

JOHN MUNRO, Clerk, Lyon and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our Agents in Louisiana.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, and will visit Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, Hillsboro, Wash. O. H. P. Stone, John F. Hall, B. Hooper, Jr., Augusta, Ga., and Mobile.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.

JAMES PIERCE, Jr., is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

NARRATIVE of the EXPLORING EXPEDITION. *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, Philadelphia.—Lieut. Charles Wilkes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition," under Captain Wilkes, a work altogether so beautifully and so perfectly "get up" as to make it the last one of the most beautiful. As a critical and mechanical point of view, it is an near perfection as we can well imagine. It is a work that the national work without pride and pleasure in the consideration of its being purely American, from its author to the publication. The whole consists of five imperial octavo volumes, with an atlas of Maps and Charts. The latter accompanies the work, twenty-five finished pages, and is illustrated with nearly four hundred steel engravings, from a design by Mr. Brown.

The great labor and time necessary to get up this truly magnificent and national work has delivered its publication until the present time. Two volumes of the five works are required, with the ten of seven presses, in order to meet the demand. The paper is of the finest texture and watermarked in the production of so perfect a work. We shall have further occasion to speak of this work, for delivery as a whole, of the magnitude and difficulty of this one.

THE GOLDSMITH'S FAVORITE. *Translated from the German of C. Schmidt. Philadelphia. G. S. Appleton.* This little work is the commencement of a new series of "Tales for People," and if the first be a fair specimen of what is to be issued, it is made with the old fashioned lock, which is no longer used in England.

☞ Letters from the U. S. ship Jamestown, state that she made the run to Port Praya in 19 days from the coast, and remained out in good order and sound condition. She parted company with the Portsmouth on the 12th day out.

☞ Lieut. Fremont, of the corps of Topographical Engineers, has received a brevet Captaincy, for his gallant and meritorious services in two excursions to the Rocky Mountains.

Personal News.

☞ A monument has been erected in Ireland to the memory of Capt. Roberts, who was murdered by the natives of Nukahiva, while on board left New York on the 11th of March, 1841. The Cork Reporter says: The cenotaph is a large square building, of the most chaste design, with a fine base and cap moulding, and having a bold pediment on either side. The design is appropriate and classical, and reflects the highest credit on the architect, Mr. Deane, and the Messrs. Sirius, the British Queen and the President.

MISSIONARIES FROM CHINA.—Mr. Dean and Mr. Abeel, have arrived in this country from China. Mr. Abeel has returned to see his wife and daughter, for whom he seeks a home in his native land, her mother having been removed from earth. Mr. Dean has married out in good and amiable young woman, a native of China, came out as a companion for his daughter, to their future home. Mr. Abeel, we learn, is of a retiring style, and exercises no small attention whenever she appears in public. Mr. Dean has been long in China, and speaks the Tay-chew dialect very fluently.

☞ We are pained to learn that Mr. Coleman, who has become generally known, as the author of several works of merit, is in a very low state of health. The Messrs. Mesnier together, having known him in New York a few weeks since. His death was sudden and quite unexpected. We recommend to the I. O. of O. F. as a well conducted newspaper—good for themselves, their wives and children.

CHITTENDEN. *Forrest & Co.*, have published No. 7 of their offerings from Cruikshank's Omnibus. Cruikshank's work is the gayest low humor to be found in the American edition is a very good copy of the original. *The Protestant*, No. 98 Chestnut Street, has the title for sale.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT. *By H. W. Longfellow. Boosting & Co. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart, Lea & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson*.—The last of this very handsome pamphlet, informs us in which he first the York are now, and the time when we are to look for the return.

GOODRICH'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY. *Zieber & Co. and Lindsay & Blakiston*, have received the 9th Part of Copeland's Medical Dictionary, now in course of publication in New England. It is a very valuable and complete work, and is receiving wide patronage.

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER. The old and excellent paper is now published by its proprietors as a daily evening journal, beside the well and widely known semi-weekly issue. It is well conducted and is the publication of the bystanders and the parties themselves.

☞ Among the passengers in the steamship Caledonia, from Boston for Liverpool, were three distinguished clergymen of different denominations, viz: Rev. John Colman, D. D., (Congregational), Dorchester, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, D. D., (Unitarian,) Boston; Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., (Baptist) Boston.

☞ Rev. Dr. Hitchcock is to be inaugurated President of Amherst College on the afternoon of the 14th inst. Dr. Humphrey will, at the same time, deliver his farewell address. It is twenty years since Amherst College was first incorporated. It has had but two Presidents—Dr. Moore and Dr. Humphrey.

☞ Rev. Dr. Milnor died on Tuesday night at his residence in Berkinar street, New York, after an illness of about five minutes. Dr. M. has been for nearly thirty years Rector of St. George's Church, and had just entered the 71st year of his age. He was a native of Pennsylvania.

☞ A London paper informs us that Campbell, the poet, is interred in the same grave with Dr Johnson, his coffin being only about ten feet from the surface, for which reason room in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

☞ The Ambrugh Gazette gives a letter from Naples, which states that the King of Naples has given 30,000 livres from the public treasury, towards a monument which is to be erected in honor of Christopher Columbus.

☞ Mr. Pakenham, it is rumored at Washington, has changed with the negotiation of a treaty with the United States based upon reciprocal advantages to the products of each country in their respective markets.

☞ Mr. William Blair, member of the Arkansas Legislature, died at the capital on the 10th inst. His wife, on hearing of his serious illness, was so much affected that she died almost the same time.

☞ The Manchester has been despatched by its proprietor, J. R. Jones, to Jesse K. Dow, Esq., and will henceforth be conducted by Mr. Dow and Theophilus Fisk. It is to be styled "The Constellation."

☞ The Rev. Dr. Brantley, of the Free Baptist Church, late President of the College at Charleston, is dead.

☞ Among the announcements of recent deaths, we notice that of Wm. Mowry, of Union Village, Washington county, New York. He was the first person who ever manufactured cotton in New York.

☞ Priestly H. McBride has been nominated and confirmed, as Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, in place of Judge Tompkins, who has recently become of an age which vacates his seat.

☞ There is a colored woman, of Indian extraction, now living in Norfolk, Va., who is said to be one hundred and twenty-two years of age. She is yet strong and active.

☞ Mrs. Story, of Greenville, S. C., gave birth to three children recently. She leaves the son James Knox, the daughters Elizabeth Polk and Rebecca Dallas.

RESIGNED.—Josiah Reily, Esq., who has for the past year filled the office of Attorney General of Maryland, resigned this office on Tuesday.

☞ Rev. G. R. Gurley acknowledges the receipt of $244 in addition to $1,000 raised for the colonization and civilization of Africa.

☞ It is suggested that a statue of Robert Fulton be erected on the top of "Grand Tower" in the Mississippi River.

☞ Hon. John M. Snowden, one of the Judges of the Courts of Allegheny county, died suddenly on the 1st inst.

☞ Wm. Ogilby, Esq., for many years British Consul at Charleston, S. C., is gone home.

☞ Gen. Almonte, the Mexican Minister, has returned to Mexico from New York for debate.

☞ B. F. Strangefellow, Esq., has been elected Attorney General of Missouri.

☞ N. L. Woodbury, has been appointed Postmaster of Portland, Me.

☞ G. R. Richardson is appointed Attorney for the District of Maine.

THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

It is very properly the custom at our foreign embassies to celebrate the birth day of Washington and the Fourth of July, as National Holidays. The Foreign correspondent of the Newark Advertiser gives the following account of the Fete, at the house of our Minister, in Paris.

"Last evening (Feb. 24th) was passed by most of the Americans in Paris in the same manner as they have been for many successive years at home, the anniversary of the birth day of Washington. Mr. King, our excellent Minister at the Court of France, opened his house on that occasion for the reception of the Americans in Paris, and such others as were interested in the welfare of America. I have heard it said that his health has permitted him to give this matter, and, I think, since his arrival in the country, he has not enjoyed the change from the dry and warm atmosphere of his own home in this constantly damp and cold city, prevents his seeing his countrymen so often as his natural hospitality would dictate. At this time, however, the Americans in Paris were collected together for the first time. I found the rooms filled with original, belonging, I believe, I imagined to be still at home, where I had left them. It was quite late, too, before I left, when I arrived, having been detained by the breaking down of my hack. As I entered the spacious apartments, and saw the graceful forms of the ladies of Washington, who I did not think the Americans were far behind the French either in beauty or any other respect, and the many excellent likenesses of the portrait of Washington, a copy by Healy, from the celebrated original, belonging, I believe, but am not sure, to Lord Lansdowne. It was, I think, a copy of a portrait of Washington, and that was enough to arouse all his patriotic ardor. In a strange how little the French know of this great man. One of them, on reading my invitation, which stated that it was the anniversary of the birth of Washington, very ingenuously asked, 'Washington, Washington, qui est cet homme la?'

"Here were fair examples of the grace and beauty of the women of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, as well as the Metropolis of industry and science, where the sons of the Pioneer and Princess de Joinville, Duke de Montpensier, the Duke de Nemours, and other representatives at this Court, and many of the nobility of England and other countries, and the Duke de Leuchtenberg, brother of the British Ambassador presented himself, and the Duchess of Sutherland, in honor of dancing the Polka several times with the gallant Gen. Lafayette. The present Consul, Mr. Walsh, the Ex-Consul, Mr. Draper, and Mrs. Jackson, Professor of Medicine. Mrs. Guizot, whose health would not allow him to be there, was represented by her daughter, a great respect for the memory of the illustrious statesman's family.

"The American Minister is about to exchange residences with Mr. Pageot, the present Minister, though giving few dinner parties and no balls, seemed to scarcely rest than severely ill during the year. The rent of his house is fourteen hundred dollars. I was on the point of exclaiming, because the salaries of the French and English ambassadors, or else rascally, when I recollected where I was, and quite shocked my indignation. How many times I have had occasion to wonder at the manner

Selected Poetry.

THE STREET SINGER.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago."
Wordsworth.

"Done on Morgen morgen Lebem,
Jedem sing'l singen Liedem,
Wandl' ich einsam in der Fremde."

Open the casement: hush!
I hear a voice, sweet song!
It is the minstrel's gushing life
Beneath the glen doth throng!
Is it the bird through the morning sky?
Or the lovelorn nightingale?
Or the lonely, with its plaintive cry?
No—'tis the maid in the vale.

Nay, 'tis a dark-eyed maid,
Who sings her simple unknown;
Great on her fair young brow is laid,
And grief doth dim her tone.
Beautiful stranger! dost thou sing
Thy native lay of home—
Of the sunny dell, of the woodland spring,
Of the old paternal household roof?

The hours are not, but her head
Is on her hands laid the while;
Her glance is bright, her glance is proud,
And more must have the tone
To raise so nobly here and loud—
Is sadly bright and wild.
As now raised high her regal head,
Radiant with golden hair!

She wearied her hand; the stored
Full many a song of memory
Yet stood and gazed, with forebends bowed,
Like worshipper in prayer.
Oh, why would sorrow a maiden rend,
Who hath her youth and beauty?
Her answer, as the cold sky seemed,
Beneath the waters was veil'd.

"From their own land exiles
For the struggle, to be free,
They sought a refuge in their old
Forefathers' land with me.
The ship were down with all in crew
Save one—wife, with brave hand,
Who with the waters drew
But perished on the strand.

"Poor home! with the ocean for
And with thy maiden years,
And with thy sorrow, strong yours,
And speech that no one hears—
Oh! who knew through what fiend-mazes
The feet till now have trod!
Sacred and by those ancient prayers
And holy trust in God!

"Henceforth thy dogs shall flow
As freely as the breeze;
They shall hear like a sea which grow
Beneath my native trees.
I'll talk to her in the sweet tongue,
And teach thee all my airs;
Thy youthful song is sung,
Sing now in joyous tone!"

Lord Tennyson.

Old Times.

WOOING AND WEDDING
A Hundred Years Ago.

[The following, says the Mercantile Journal, is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Fee, of Newburyport. It seems to be the letter of a well old man, brother of a young lady's grandfather, descriptive of the manner in which maids were wooed and won in Boston, over a hundred years since. There is a vein of rich quaint good humor in it, and the whole thing is so neatly and charmingly written, that we know our readers will be sure of success all sensible people, will be much better pleased with it than with any love story of modern times which we could furnish. As to the old fellow, they are to delighted with it. Times are not now as they were then.]

December 20, 18—.

MY LITTLE BETSEY:

I know you will excuse your old great uncle of eighty winters for troubling you with a long epistle, especially since it is to be on a subject which has occupied so much of your attention of late. Your marriage crowned my cup of bliss with many recollections of past times; and I could not resist the temptation of giving you what I am yet far from the useless days of second childhood, by giving you some account of your grandfather's courtship and wedding, that you may have the pleasure of contrasting it with your own. Besides, when your grandchildren, or more probably your great aunts, dear superannuated sisters, are hailing at the distant rotary of modern times, you may make use of my narrative to contrast their carelessness. But should you not be thus obliged to derive benefit from my production, prithee pretty Betsy, do not tell the old folks that their old uncle has turned state's evidence: for I fear, if they found me out, even the dignity of forty would not prevent them mal-treating the love-lorded bureau. However this may be, I am determined to amuse you. I must inform you before I begin, Betsey, that I was brother John's confidant—I think that is the modern term—through the whole story of his love; and further, that I officiated as bride-man, which is the nearest approach I have ever made to matrimony.

Your grandfather had, as the saying is, been "set up" in business in a small shop, tastefully stocked with pins, tape, brocade, buttons, &c., about one year. He religiously took down his shutters, opened his door, swept out the store house, and dusted his goods himself, every morning, by the time grey dawn broke; for those were the days when men grew rich by rising early and going to bed with the sunset, not by sleeping, as they do now, until breakfast, leaving their concerns in the hands of thoughtless boys. So, during the first year of your young man, we had no capital but our reputation for industry and punctuality. Money and cash were as much in fashion then, as dandy coats and starched cravats are now-a-days, and no sensible matron would allow her daughter to be courted by any young man who was not in his own servant. To be your grandfather justice, he was even then considered a thrifty young man; and as he had ever been peculiar in those times, and was full twenty-five years old, he did not think it very disreputable for him to engage in a sleighing party at the North End. This epicurean was determined when he went, that the whole expense would not exceed four and sixpence.

The hour for starting, one P. M., was rapidly approaching; when your grandfather called forth, armed and equipped, to meet his fate, for at the appointed rendezvous. His second-best coat flowed behind under his arm; in the left cotton handkerchief, while his young toe protruded from behind as stiff as if it had been engaged by the wry fingers of Jack Frost himself, instead of being snugly encased in cot-ton. An extensive cambric cloak, with a minute cape of six inches breadth, wrapt up his body and covered his comfortable coat of small-clothes, which latter were met at the knees by a huge pair of stout boots, over whose tops about all to keep out the snow. Yarn mittens protected his hands, and a woollen tippet was tucked round his neck. People formerly, Betsey, dressed in unison with the weather and the occasion. The sleigh, the only double one then in Boston, a neat collection of unpainted boards, capable of containing a modern load of thirty, drawn by a variegated team of six horses, and driven by black Cæsar, of immortal memory as a charioteer, waiter and fiddler, was at the door when your grandfather arrived. Immediately the party, consisting of gentlemen who, as far as dress was concerned, were a fac-simile of your progenitor, and ladies enveloped in linsey-woolsey cordovals, the heads of which were a mass of many dimensions that their heads looked like so many bear casks, seated themselves in the sleigh. And such they went, animated by the jingle of one or two cow bells, to take a cup of tea and have a dance at old Mr.'am Thompson's, at Dorchester. Cæsar, in the meantime, tuned his three-stringed fiddle: the gentlemen appeared in their square-toed pumps, and the ladies stuck of their pattens to display their bright red, pea-cord, high-heeled slippers. And at it they went, dancing and skipping for dear life, until eight o'clock, when they hurried back to town for to be ready to meet nine o'clock on common occasions, was then a sure sign of moral degeneracy.

But Betsy, I have first spun out this long story about the sleigh-ride for nothing. The pith of the matter is to come yet. On this eventful eve, your grandfather was aloof dead by Dan Cupid, or rather Venus, for Miss Barlow's eyes. He came home saying and supporting, and looking very much like a fool. He dressed all night of that later sort so closely confined to tight brown silk, of that slender mind, with the fondest sweetness of soul about him, that all of her sweet "blue ees," and that stay-ad-berry tright, which the gospel had allowed to escape unpinioned. The next day he went about, sighing like a blacksmith's bellows. And Sunday after Sunday he travelled down to the North Church, capped out in his best attire with cone-shaped broach, paste buckles, lace frill, worked cravat and all, to get a peep at the blooming Prudence. And, verily, I fear that her apple-like face obtained more of John's attention than Dr. Barlow's sermons. This it went on, until he thought his circumstances would allow him to offer his heart and hand to the fair damsel.

Now Betsy, I suppose you are all on tip-toe, expecting to hear of a moon light walk, a stolen kiss, a stammered confession, and a blushing answer. But you sir," or dear Uncle," as I had a much greater sense of propriety in those days. He vexatize then had in-deal with rigid old fathers and prud-ential mothers, instead of thoughtless girls. Your grandfather set himself down one morning at his desk, more-full his pen, spread out a fossil sheet of paper—and after wiping his nose, which is a kind like copper-plate an humble letter to the parent of his daughter. Prudence, stating the amount of his property, his yearly gains, and then requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. John was, as I said before, well esteemed a very prudent young man, so that Mr. Barlow had no hesitation in consenting to affirmative answer, and probably moreover he chuckled a little at the idea that Prudence was in make out so well.

Fortune had smiled kindly on both—Cupid threw fine fat, and was ready to shoot the trying, interesting hour when he was to make his first official visit. He shut up his full fine sentiment before dark. He swallowed his tea in such haste as almost to excoriate his throat. His cravat was tied and recied twenty times; his hair as often touched and retouched with the powder and powder; and his three-cornered octaper was shooked down like a well curried pony. In a word, your first fortune time at the toilet ne that eventful eve, time during his whole courtship, was the last. He arrived at the house of his fair charmer. Thrice he essayed to knock, and thrice he essayed in vain, for verily believe that he would have spent half the night in mustering up the requisite ruffle-rage for a gentle knock, had I not helped him modesty with a thundering jerk of the knocker, and then ran away and left him to answer for himself.

John was ushered up stairs into a fearful circle, to begin his courtship. When the door of the parlor was opened, one side of the room place displayed a bevy of Prudence's maiden aunts, bridling in all the frigidity of single blessedness, high and cold reticulated, and, as the case may be, starched to a degree that would have stood alone. Prudence, vexatiously enough, was not there. The ladies immediately left the gentlemen as if they were hungry, the parson as if sharp set, and commenced an attack on the young spark, over their round-eyed spectacles. On the other side was Mr. Barlow and company, all in case in an arm-chair, in a black cap instead of his wig, wrapt in a blue gown, with his knees comfortably bolstered up by a quarterly smoking his pipe. Mrs. Butler, in her chintz dress and mob cap, was at the side, engaged in making pastic work: whilst the lovely Prudence sat quite reserved by her mamma, with her pincushion and house-wife dangling from her waist, and her eyes cast down, following the pattern of Eugene instead of her sampler. Counting was sober business in old times. Your grandfather seated himself among the aunts, and the spectre, that his decay. He showed his affection very properly, by saying little, respectful things to the ladies in the evening, in talking politics and the scarcity of money, with his future father-in-law; in ensuring his future mother-in-law-to arrange her sheep's-eyes so as to be visible to the object of them, and by sighing as often as he could, which was very frequently. Cards were then introduced, which familiarity the aforesaid maiden ladies displayed a taste. As soon as the bell struck nine, he gave one tender squint at your grandmother, and left the house. This was the old-fashioned way of paying attentions; and this your grandfather performed every night, excepting when he was allowed to escort Miss Prudence to some neighboring tea-party. Betsey, my dear, you are shocked at the spectacle